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Editorial.

THE three new cottages, three long houses containing ten sections and the pavilion are completed at Tower Hill, another cottage is in process of building. The hill is already lively and preparations for the institute well in hand. We will report more definitely next week.

REV. S. J. BARROWS performed a brave and timely action when he arose at the meeting of the Harvard Divinity Alumni, and moved that the Faculty be invited to admit women to the course. An attempt was made to have the matter postponed a year, but it did not prevail, and Mr. Barrows' motion was unanimously carried. Further results will be awaited with deep interest.

THE first report of Bishop Brooks is now in print, and will be read with interest. In it he defines the mission of the church to be nothing less than "the preaching of righteousness, the saving of souls, the building of the kingdom of God." It is a mistake in trying to establish a new church, to inquire how many churchmen there are living in the town; "as if the name described a special kind or order of humanity to whom alone we were to consider ourselves as sent." The real thing to be determined is, the number of human creatures in that town. "We are sent to the human race."

IT is not often that any romance is more interesting or touching than Mrs. Burnett's account of "A Drury Lane Boys' Club," in Scribner's for June. It has all the charm of her other work, with the added touch of reality. She shows us how the poor help themselves, and paints the small beginnings and homely circumstances which go with such self-help, and which we are too apt to forget in these days of people's palaces and princely benefactors.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER is contributing a series of articles to the *Ladies Home Journal* on her husband, and in the last number replies to the question, which she says is frequently addressed to her, respecting the great preacher's kindly feeling towards Colonel Ingersoll. In reply to a rebuking letter from a friend on his course in this matter, Mr. Beecher excused the heretic colonel's attitude towards the popular theology of the day on the ground that it was in large measure the reaction of a generous and gifted man from the severe and unreasonable views with which it had been attempted to indoctrinate his youth. In spite of his extreme position on religious questions, Mr. Beecher found much to commend in Mr. Ingersoll's pure and upright character, saying that for himself he was willing to work with any man of good morals, on such lines as they could agree, no matter how much they might disagree on others; a good statement of the ethical basis, made at an earlier day than we are accustomed to look for it.

AMONG other announcements heralding the attractions of the coming inter-national exhibition in 1893, is one which reports the practical interest which the pope is beginning to feel in the subject, as evinced by his consent to send a collection of the Vatican treasures. Some of our exchanges are inclined to comment on this in a flippant and distrustful tone, which indirectly accuses the pope of acting only from motives of a shrewd and selfish policy. "Incidentally, such liberality will popularize the cause of the Roman church in the United States," we are told; and, "The present pontiff is one of the most astute diplomates that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter." Perhaps all this is true, but for ourselves we wish the diplomatic spirit of the Holy See might always manifest itself so harmlessly. To us the diplomatic tendency which some critics of the Mother Church are at such pains to detect in her slightest action, is quite equalled by the unworthy Protestant suspicion which prevails in some minds, and thus hastens to condemn all her actions in advance. At the risk of showing a less sophistcated judgment we prefer to think that a great enterprise like the World's Fair, has as much power to arouse humane and patriotic feeling in a pope as in a William of Germany or an emperor of China.

THE last number of Scribner's has a remarkably sane and instructive article on "Life in New York Tenement Houses," as seen by a City Missionary. It is in the series on "the Poor in Great Cities" and is the best of the series thus far, though they have all of them been good. This missionary has unusually clear eyes and a wise head back of them. He repeats the same truth for New York which Mrs. Burnett emphasises for London, that self-help is the truest help. Even in the poorest tenements, this missionary tells us, the poor will club together with wonderful generosity to help one of their number in greater poverty. It is wisdom far more than money that they need.

THE *Inquirer*, London, prints a full review of the proceedings of the English Unitarian Sunday-school society. Rev. C. W. Wendte was present and spoke on the subject of church and Sunday-school singing. He commended the custom, which he seemed to find more general there than at home, of congregational singing, but he thought all our hymn-tunes were pitched too much in the minor key. There are natural reasons why orthodoxy should choose to chant dirges over a fallen race and a prospective salvation of less than one-third its numbers, in sad and plaintive strains, but there is no excuse for the exponents of a more hopeful faith to do this. He traces this tendency to English sources, and thinks it could be happily modified by more liberal introduction of Germanairs and tunes.

CHICAGO is growing to be a popular theme in the magazines of late. A writer in the last *Atlantic* finds a different origin for the name of the World's Fair city than that which connects it, according to the old tradition, with an unsavory vegetable, with a still more unsavory name. The word "Chicago" first occurs, says this authority, Mr. Edward G. Mason, in Marquette's journal in 1864, where it is written "Chicago-essiou," which was the title of a distinguished Indian chief of the Illinois tribe. Later the same place is referred to in a letter of La Salle's as "Portage de Chicago." We like this explanation of our beginnings better than that which derives it from a cabbage-head; though Chicago would be able to survive even so common and ignominious an origin as that, and would afford only one more proof that great merit in the progeny is able to overcome any number of disadvantages and misfortunes in the ancestry.

A SUBSCRIBER from Cincinnati settling his account with UNITY, closes the letter as follows: "If you are going to reopen the 'Old Discussion' which occupied so large a part of the paper for a long period, I do not care if you stop sending me the paper at once, as I, for one, do not find it interesting." This may be the first of a threatening list of subscribers, but we cannot believe but that others who find more than the irritation of an "Old Discussion" in the principles involved, will see that the ranks are kept closed, so that the phalanx may move steadily forward. From many of the latter class we have already heard. For the benefit of all concerned we must remind our readers again that UNITY is a paper with a *policy* and a *conviction*. It is not edited to secure subscribers or to retain them. We honor the conscience that withdraws a subscription as much as the conscience that renews it. The columns of UNITY will be continuously devoted to the promulgation of a religion conditioned by no doctrinal test, untrammelled by creed, and hospitable to all seekers after Truth, Righteousness and Love. Whether the subscription list increases or decreases, we go forward, loving the friends who turn their backs as well as those who turn their faces toward us.

AT the late session of the Methodist Protestant Convention in England, it was voted to strike out the word "obey" in the marriage service, a step in evangelical dissent more noteworthy than some others of its history, which have only a theological hearing. It would be interesting to know whether this action was prompted by a shrewd policy or real conviction; how much the knowledge that whatever she promises at the altar, woman will put her own interpretation upon it,—that the promise to obey leads to the practice when will and fancy direct, not otherwise—had to do with the banishment of a false and foolish custom. Perhaps an astute perception that the sex so rapidly emancipating itself is best governed by contraries, that wives will be much more apt to obey their husbands if not required to, prompted this action. Still better, it may have been an honest conviction on the part of the men legislators that a companion in marriage is more desirable than a slave or a puppet, and that this conviction took the form of a vote to abolish a custom that panders to cowardly instincts on both sides; and which is so notoriously out of keeping with to-day's thought that its retention robs the ceremony to which it belongs, of half its grace and solemnity, besides sanctioning a practice of wilful lying.

The Western Conference Secretaryship.

It is with great pleasure that we hand to our readers this week the formal acceptance of our yoke-fellow, Mr. Hosmer, of the high and responsible position of the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference.

When the waning health of our brother Effinger made it necessary to look for a successor, all eyes instinctively turned towards Cleveland, but other duties were too heavy and the other ties too strong then to permit him to consider the invitation. Last spring, again, through the nominating committee appointed by the directors the request was renewed and again refused; but luckily as the feeling grew upon Mr. Hosmer that sooner or later the continuous burden bearing at Cleveland would necessitate a change, and as the growing necessities of the Conference poured down upon him, the important step was taken.

The tender ties of fourteen years work in Cleveland have been broken and this new task taken up. The spirit in which the work is taken up is set forth clearly and heroically in

the letter we publish on page 166, but it is set forth still more clearly in the noble record of twenty years work in the West.

Mr. Hosmer combines in an eminent degree those qualifications necessary to make one a leader of men. He will lead after the manner of the true shepherd who goes before and not after his flock. He will lead in the spirit of a prophet rather than that of a priest. He will combine the kind heart with the clear head. He believes in organizations, but still more in the spirit that is larger than all organizations. He has had eminent success in shaping the externals of the liberal church, but never at the cost of the internals, or the eternals of the true church. He has shown himself a skilful financier but he has never measured gospel work by dollars and cents.

We extend to our yoke-fellow not only our own right hand of welcome, but on behalf of the many thousand readers in this country and the old we extend to him the hand that welcomes him into the still closer fellowship of our common work. He has given up the pastorate at Cleveland, but he has stepped into that of a still larger church. He is the unfrocked bishop of the non-credal church of the West, and all of the spiritually adjacent country. Under his lead the Western Conference will keep its place at the head of the column of religious progress. It will not belie its heroic history. It will not desert its prophetic position, it will go on from conquering to conquer, and awaiting work for the unchurched and for the overchurched multitudes, in the spirit of the Conference motto and ours: "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." In welcoming the new secretary our readers will be glad to learn that the skies are brightening over the retiring one. In expecting new work from Mr. Hosmer we shall not forget that the way has been prepared for him by the self-sacrificing courage and patient devotion of brother Effinger. He has prepared the ground and sowed some seed. Hosmer will sow more seed, and still another hand, far in the future, will reap the harvest of both.

Thanks to the past! Welcome to the new! The correspondence between Mr. Hosmer and the conference is published in Notes from the Field.

The Foundation of Religion.

Hon. Phineas Ball, of Worcester, in his sketch of the "History of the Worcester Conference," recently published, says:

"It is my profound conviction, not hastily formed, that, as Christians and men, we need an abiding, and calm and trusting *confidence*, a living and informing, unquestioning *faith*, that the moral law, the great law of righteousness, and the line of rectitande, which forever parts the right from the wrong, setting the one over against the other in eternal antithesis, are a part of the very foundation on which rests the throne of our Heavenly Father. Let us not mystify ourselves with the belief, that this law of righteousness is the product, the rich fruit of the exercise of the human reason by ancient moralist or religious leader, or that it originated and has been perfected by the study of the medley of modern philosophy, but that this law is eternal on the earth and in the heavens. The moralist, the religious leader, the philosopher, ancient or modern, can at best only essay to be a faithful interpreter of the meaning and value of this moral law."

And Rev. John M. Whiton, representing the "New Orthodoxy" writes:

"Churchmen have no reason to complain of the skepticism, which they create and challenge by descending from the impregnable ground [of the moral law] to prove a divine word and a divine work in Elisha's curse of the street-boys as seconded by the bears. The devices of theological lore, for saving the claims of Samuel, Gad and Elisha, to a divine sanction in all that is recorded of them, have only kept the dead flies in the apothecary's ointment with a malodorous result. It is time to take them out, that the seer's loss of credit here and there may be a gain to truth, by our refusal to regard his delusions as inspired. It is of no use to put the clamps of authority upon walls that are cracking from the foundation upward. Nothing will save the superstructure but the substitution of stone for rubbish at the bottom. In proportion as those who believe in a divine revelation learn how to recognize it and demonstrate it, the skepticism which is the invincible protest of abused intelligence will show its better side, as faith in eternal truth and reason."

Prof. William Knight, of the University of St. Andrew's says:

"In the moral imperative which commands us categorically, and acts without our order, and cannot be silenced by us, we find the tints of a personality that is girding and enfolding ours. We perceive within ourselves a measure and a rule, which to the Sun of truth we can apply, that shines for us, and shines for all mankind."

L.

Ingersoll and His Critics.

Colonol Ingersoll has been taken too seriously by the present generation, it seems. Here is a devout and earnest young Baptist clergyman—Thomas Dixon, Jr., by name—who devotes ten sermons* to showing that whatever the Colonel has demolished in his brilliant assaults upon Christianity has really formed no part of Christianity. All of the dogmas which have figured as Christian and which the human heart has rejected, all of the myths and fables which have passed as Christian and which history or science has destroyed—all these are no part of the true Christianity according to this eloquent young preacher. They are only the corruptions of Christianity. He reproves the Colonel's lamentable ignorance of what Christianity really is, and to enlighten him defines Christianity for him. His definition may be of interest to us who are sometimes puzzled in respect to the same matter. Here it is: "The Christianity of Christ is that heart faith which manifests itself in a life of love, love to God and man, love to God through man." That is all—love to God and man. Whatsoever is more cometh of evil. And he assures us that Colonel Ingersoll has been only slaying the dead phantoms of the Dark Ages in his vigorous campaign against the religion of the day.

We think there is a certain sense in which this young man is right. Our own Mr. Chadwick expressed a somewhat similar opinion recently when he asserted that the Colonel was "a century behind the times." And we ourselves likened him to Don Quixote a few years ago, and the likeness is as good now as then. Don Quixote had read so many of the wild romances of his day and had believed them so literally that he took wind-mills to be the mighty monsters of those romances and funeral trains to be the warrior bands carrying off the forlorn maidens of the tales. And he was so crazy that he even charged upon the funeral trains and the wind-mills with dire though comic result. And the gallant Colonel has read so many works of religious fiction, like the Pentateuch and the Westminster Catechism, and has taken them to be so literally true—to be held and taught by the churches of to-day—that his head is turned like the poor old Don's, and he goes about charging funeral trains and wind-mills—demolishing dead dogmas and taking men like the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., to be preachers of the Christianity of the Bible and the churches and the creeds, when they are only setting forth a simple and reasonable universal religion. He takes them to be the mighty monsters their creeds proclaim them to be, when they are only harmless wind-mills, swaying their arms to the popular breeze and grinding the grist the people bring to them.

But though Don Quixote was crazy, yet, if we remember rightly, his absurd charges upon wind mills and funeral trains killed off the wild romances which had held their own up to Cervantes' day. They were a *reductio ad absurdam*. And so the Colonel's crazy charges upon the wind-mills and funeral trains which he takes to be Christianity may help to kill off the religious romances that still seem to linger in some minds—minds which are less ready to disregard their plighted faith than the Rev. Thomas Dixon Jr., is.

We shall be glad indeed when those religious romances are really dead and Christianity can be truly defined as nothing but Love to God and Love to Man. Then there will be a certain truth in the opening words of Mr. Dixon's first address: "The history of the world is the history of Christianity. There is no history outside of it. The teeming millions who make this world worth living in to-day are followers of Christ and owe their character, life and genius to Christian civilization." But until that time comes, such words as these are either "juggling fiends that palter with us in a double sense," or else they are utterly false and an arrogant insult to the millions of noble and religious lives—lives filled with love to God and man—lived outside of Christianity and before Christianity was ever born.

A. W. G.

*Dixon on Ingersoll: Ten Discourses by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., J. S. Ogilvie, New York, 1892.

Christ's own Rest.

Christ's life, outwardly, was one of the most troubled lives that ever was lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time till the worn body was lain in the grave. But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to him and found rest. And even when the bloodhounds were dogging him in the streets of Jerusalem, he turned to his disciples and offered them as a last legacy, "My peace." Nothing ever for a moment broke the serenity of Christ's life on earth. Misfortuue could not touch him; he had no fortune. Food, raiment, money—fountain-heads of half the world's weariness—he simply did not care for; they played no part in his life; he "took no thought" for them. It was impossible to affect him by lowering his reputation; he had already made of himself no reputation. He was dumb before insult. When he was reviled, he reviled not again. In fact there was nothing that the world could do to him that could ruffle the surface of his spirit.

Such living, as mere living, is altogether unique. It is only when we see what it was in him, that we can know what the word "rest" means. it lies not in emotions nor in absence of emotions. It is not a hallowed feeling that comes over us in church. It is not something that the preacher has in his voice. It is not in nature, nor in poetry, nor in music—though in all these there is soothing. It is the mind at leisure from itself. It is the perfect poise of the soul; absolute adjustment of the inward man to the stress of all outward things; the preparedness against every emergency the stability of assured convictions the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith; the repose of a heart set deep in God.—*Prof. Drummond.*

Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football and it will be round and full at evening. Does not Mr. Bryant say, that Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while Error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger. I never heard that a mathematician was alarmed for the safety of a demonstrated proposition. I think, generally, fear of open discussion implies feebleness of inward conviction, and great sensitiveness to the expression of individual opinion is a mark of weakness.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Men and Things.

Poe received $10 for his "Raven," but the manuscript of his "Tamerlane" lately sold in Boston for $1,850.

We read that the original monuscript of the "Book of Mormons" is now in one of the banks of Richmond, Ray County, Mo., in custody of J. D. Whitner.

A Dakota clergyman has, according to one of our exchanges, published the following advertisement: "Religious doubts and difficulties answered by private letter. State your difficulty clearly, and inclose one dollar for reply."

It is said watermelon seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb that were three thousand years old. A witty commentator adds that there was no doubt about their being watermelon seeds, because the mummy was all doubled up.

"Alliteration's artful aid often adds a great deal to the pungency of a clever saying," says one of our exchanges, and cites for example Oliver Wendell Holmes's characterization of a five o'clock tea, as reported by a writer in the *Home Journal*: "It is giggle—gabble—gobble—and git!"

M. Zola has finished his book on the Franco-Prussian war, at which he has been at work for fifteen months. He is said to have visited battle-fields personally, questioned survivors of the fights, and consulted 300 volumes, historical and military, while writing his own story of the international struggle.

The Board of Overseers of Harvard College have concurred with the President and Fellows in their votes reappointing as preachers to the University for 1892, Lyman Abbott, D. D., C. C. Everett, D. D., Leighton Parks, D. D.; and appointing as preacher to the University for 1892-93, E. W. Douard, D. D.

The University of Yale, in its late bestowal of honorary degrees on men outside its roll of students certainly deserves praise for the Catholicity of sentiment shown toward the representative ladies in the various walks and professions. Among those thus distinguished were Joseph Jefferson, the actor, Lawrence Hulton, the writer, two clergymen, Rev. James Stoddard of the Episcopal Academy, at Cheshire, Mass., and Rev. E. S. Huron of Bombay, India, and lastly a member of the U. S. navy, Henry M. Denniston.

Prince Bismarck has recently expressed himself on the question of Sunday labor He thinks much unreason and injustice might be practiced in the attempt to enforce too rigid laws on this point. It may often happen that dire necessity, not willful choice compels a man to work on Sundays, and is forbidden by the law genuine distress to himself and family may follow. From the point of view of a "gentleman farmer," the prince says that if he were to see one of his laborers at work in the fields on Sunday gathering in crops, which threatening weather may destroy, he should turn his eyes in another direction.

Rev. R. F. Johannot, the newly-installed minister over the Universalist church at Oak Park, Ill., successor to Miss Chapin detects signs of a growing reciprocity of thought and spirit among the liberal sects of the West. He finds an illustration in the recent dedication services of an orthodox church of that town, at which Dr. Barrows Presbyterian, gave the sermon, while representatives from other sects, Universalist included, assisted in the exercises of the occasion. A few evenings later, all the churches except the Episcopal, joined through their pastors in the Baccalaureate exercises of the High School.

Contributed and Selected.

Old and New.

ome in by the fire, said the olden creed,
And many, sore suffering, came;
nd their strength returned, and their souls rejoiced,
In the warmth of the blessed flame.

ome follow my lamp, said the olden creed,
And many who turned to its light,
Vere safely led in the hour of their need,
Through dreary and dangerous night.

ome forth, says the broader and better faith,
In the light and the warmth of the day;
or night no longer envelops the earth,
And the winter has passed away.

o feed no longer a fitful fire,
In caverns gloomy and damp;
Nor trim with tender and patient care,
The one-time precious lamp.

But lay it aside with a reverent touch,
And turn to the blessed day;
Where none who walk in the light of the sun,
Need suffer or go astray.

LUCIA ROSE.

Horse Cove, North Carolina.

How to Fail.

From time to time highly moral, if not instructive, articles appear on "How to Succeed," and kindred subjects. The author of these papers generally ascribes his success to truthfulness, honesty, sobriety, industry and economy. This is natural. When a man has acquired a fortune he does not mind telling how he arrived in town with only a quarter in his pocket, and it joins on well to add that all his money has been made by truthfulness, honesty, etc. Such a background sets off his present splendor to greater advantage and adds to his reputation for greater ability; for spite of moralists there is a popular notion that it is easier to get money by crooked than by straight methods.

Far be it from us to doubt the good intent of these excellent gentlemen of wealth, or of those other excellent persons, not wealthy, who insist that honesty *et al.* mark the path to success. To be sure success is rather a vague term, but in popular use it has crystallized into a pretty definite meaning, *viz.*, the acquisition of wealth or great power, especially the former. Taking the word in this generally accepted sense, to claim that the above highly moral combination is the key to success is simply twaddle. There are too many thousands who could say with the rich young man, "All these have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet?"

The simple fact is that for merely monetary success any or all of the virtues are not a help, but rather a hindrance. Generally speaking, for whatever you get in this world you must pay its price; and the price for wealth or great power is the sacrifice of more or less, usually more, of the nobler and finer qualities. The fact that some wealthy men have the reputation of having acquired their riches by honest and truthful methods is more than offset by numerous instances, familiar to all, of mammoth fortunes accumulated by means either dubious or admittedly evil.

But it may be objected that mere wealth without good reputation can not be counted as success. This however does not solve the perplexities of the young man looking out upon the world and striving to square the problems of life with the Decalogue. He can place his finger too easily on many a name which stands high in financial, social, political or even religious councils, yet is well understood to have been in times past not a synonym for the alleged virtuous conditions of success. If he keeps his eyes and ears well open and his mouth shut, he soon discovers that what public opinion asks is, Did you get there? and cares little by what path; provided only it be a well-shaded little by-path which need not give rise to any serious scandal.

This is an unpleasant truth, but facts must be faced. It is therefore a waste of time to preach beautifully on the great moral keys to success, while such a contradictory object-lesson is continually before every young man's eyes. He knows very well that the lawyer in demand is the man who can get his client free, or who can cunningly pick a legal flaw in a supposed invulnerable document. Suppose it be pointed out that the means adopted were illustrations of law rather than of equity, would the successful lawyer see any diminution of the highly respectable clientage so anxious to secure his services. Hardly.

The young man sees men in high political places, called Governor and Honorable and the like worshipful titles, who, stripped of their official aureole would hardly be admitted to any respectable drawing-room. Is any one too squeamish to bow obsequiously and grasp the hand effusively of the "great statesman"?

In business little pretence even is made of strictly moral methods of success. Of course, on no account do anything to get yourself into a felon's cell; leave that to burglars; but do anything short of that to beat the other fellow. Make your pile first, settle with public opinion afterwards; it will not be unduly censorious toward a few peccadilloes wearing the halo of a round million. We believe in the Golden Rule. Oh certainly; *i. e.*, the rule of gold.

Which will the young man be likely to accept, the pious theory or the wicked example? There can be little question. In nine cases out of ten he will say unto himself, "Honesty and truth are all very well, but if I am to make a fortune there is just one thing I must do—*Hustle!* That is the key to worldly success, that one word is worth all the rest. In the rough and tumble of modern competition the man who is all the time hesitating for fear he may be stepping on one of the commandments will get entirely left."

Is the young man right? Barring exceptional cases of genius, inherited wealth, or purely lucky investments which have poured unearned wealth into the laps of a few who have never known the stress and struggle of forcing a way from the bottom to the top, is it not true in general that there is but one key to worldly success, *viz.*, Hustle? This sounds Macchiavellian, but is it not true?

Then let moralists turn from preaching the non-practical and devote their energies to a more profitable mission, the upholding of a higher ideal of success. Let the young man be frankly told that if he has set his heart on wealth and power there is just one thing for him to do, and the less he hampers himself with conscientious scruples the more certain will he be of that kind of success. But let it also be frankly explained to him that he is making a prime mistake equally for this life and the next. Even for this world he is throwing himself away, since he can never "come to his heart's desire." For what he really seeks is not wealth, but that common aim of all men, that *ignis fatuus* which all pursue by whatever devious ways, that rainbow which all chase and few o'ertake—happiness. A million of dollars blinds him by its electric splendor, but what happiness can even one hundred millions bring to him who can only eat, drink, and sleep! Poor fool. He can eat no more than the man who has only hundreds, he can only ruin his digestion by richer food and drinks, wear finer clothes, loll in a carriage, and the gamut of his pleasures is run.

For such a one time hangs heavy, for he cannot read he cannot study, he cannot even travel with any improvement or genuine satisfaction. Art, literature, science, patriotism, affection, friendship have for him no message. Conscience has been perverted, generous impulses stifled, noble aspirations starved to death, the good and the beautiful have no meaning, he is a dead man before his time. He has paid the price. What a travesty that this should be called success! It is a stupendously successful failure.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches." "My mind to me a kingdom is." Money is good, influence and prominence are good, and to be sought by all legitimate and temperate means, but best of all is an integrity held fast. Whether fickle fortune smile or frown, there is a priceless inward treasure in the words of Cicero, "an ornament of prosperity, a solace and refuge of adversity." And as the shadows lengthen down the western slopes, and the dread hour draws momentarily near when all the pride and power of earth is naught, and the soul can carry with it only what is—then comes the crucial test of true success.

R. W. CONANT.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—In your last issue, in the editorial paragraphs, which I usually enjoy, there is one upon lynching in the South, to which, in justice to the oppressed I must take exception.

It takes for granted that all the colored men who have met their death in this way, were guilty of the crimes alleged against them. Doubtless many, innocent of offense, have been thus cruelly murdered. *The Peacemaker* speaks of the case of Jim Taylor who was lynched at Chestertown, Maryland, accused of having criminally assaulted a young girl. He was not given time to explain or prove his innocence, and entirely ignoring his appeals, the lynchers strung him up and fired bullets into his body. Now the girl says it was not a colored man that assaulted her, but a white man working on her father's farm.

Having lived in the South at intervals of a quarter of a century, I have studied conditions there, and know how readily the dominant race gives ear to any charges against the other, caring little for proofs. Though not actually enslaved the colored people are more jealously watched for discovery of transgression against laws than when in bondage, hence it may be reasonably inferred that there would, at least, be no more offenses against law than when in slavery; then such reports of them were never heard. If we do nothing toward justice for this hapless people, who on the whole, are law-abiding people, an industrious and rising class, let us give them the benefit of a doubt of what has never been proved, and be sure, that whether in the South or in the Empire State they are not spiritually darker than their environment.

EMILY HOWLAND.

Sherwood, N. Y., June 29, 1892.

DEAR UNITY:—After one has been riding day after day upon the back seat of a stage coach, often descending to view some especially fine scenery away from the road in this wonderful country of canyons and geysers, or helping to mend telegraph wires and chop fallen trees to clear the road, one feels awkward attempting to wield a pen and place upon paper the thoughts and ideas that chase each other through the brain while viewing this wondrous and sublime scenery.

The thought uppermost in one's mind is, Where do the fires come from that cause these geysers to spout and boil, and has their action caused these mighty hills? As we go along the canyons and see the stratified rocks piled up thousands of feet at our sides, perpendicularly, we conclude that they are made by geological deposits covering immense periods of time; but when again we see the rocks mixed together as a housewife mixes raisins and dough and such ingredients, we imagine nature as the housewife, and the rocks as the ingredients, and those subterranean fires as the fire and ladle both, with which nature will turn out some unknown dishes.

Again, as we view the geysers we see they do not spout together nor continuously. Some breathe, and the water ebbs and flows like a pulsating heart. Others spout regularly every minute, and others, again, rise high into the air every hour or two and then sink back into the basins chafing and throbbing like a chained soul. Why do they not all spout together? What makes them spout, and where does the steam come from?

One of the most curious places is where the steam-holes are. The escaping steam roars hoarsely out of its vent as it does from the safety valve of an Atlantic liner just casting off at New York for its trip to France or England. Then there are the paint pots or boiling mud-holes, where the mud boils and spits and gurgles, and gives one a horrible sensation of wierdness.

That unknown quantity called "the devil" seems highly favored in this region, and his name is used to designate many places, such as "Devil's Kitchen," "Devil's Frying Pan," "Hell's Half Acre." They are suggestive of everything horrible, if that is what is wanted, but would sound more appropriate if they were called "Nature's Kitchen," "Nature's Frying Pan," and "Nature's Half Arce of Wonders."

The scenery is sublime and grand all through here.

Some of the snow-clad peaks are 12,000 feet high on the great transcontinental divide. That would be great climbing! But if we reach the foot hills and get up 7,000 or 8,000 feet among the ice and snow, it will suffice for the present.

W. A. L.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Unitarian Church.

DELIVERED AT THE SECOND UNITARIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., MAY 1, 1892, BY THE REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Reprinted from the Standard Union.

Unitarianism, as a doctrine of the unity of God, is much older than the Christian Church, not only in the direct line of development from Judaism, but in various subsidiary lines. This is true of the explicit doctrine, and it is much more widely true of that implied in many forms of primitive religion. The heroic company of scholars which has argued for a primitive monotheism, from which the various polytheisms of the world were a decadence, has not been wholly given over to believe a lie. Their crude result has been the clumsy symbol of a striving after unity, or tendency to it, in the most primitive and polytheistic forms of worship and belief. Thanks to this tendency or striving the Vedic Hymns elevate Indra or Varuna into a prominence that leaves the other deities of the pantheon with their occupations gone; back of the dualistic strife of Ahriman and Ahura-Mazda is conceived a power that reconciles their opposition; and in the Greek Mythology an ultimate fate to which the Olympian gods must yield. Underlying and overtopping all the different theological schemes, with their multiplicity of gods and goddesses, there was the sense of the divine, of that mysterious power which was at the heart of things, coming to clearer consciousness in the thought of philosophic minds, but seldom wholly absent from the most simple and untaught.

That the early Christian Church was Unitarian in the sense of being monotheistic is evident from the fact that the early Christians were mainly Jews; the earliest, Jews without exception. Whatever Jesus might have thought as to its being no robbery for him to be equal with God, to say nothing of identity, for him to have broached such an opinion would have brought his ministry to such a sudden termination that we should never have so much as heard his name. The fishermen of Galilee equally with the scholars of Jerusalem would have recoiled from such presumption with immeasurable contempt; and there would have been no need of any civil process to punish it; an outburst of spontaneous rage would have anticipated Pilate's acquiescence. The simple fact that the first theoretic conception of Jesus was as the Jewish Messiah makes the idea of his original deity absurd, for the idea of deity no more entered into the conception of the Messiah than the idea of comfort entered into the later doctrine of eternal hell.

The deification of Jesus was a very gradual process. To say that the beginnings can be found in the New Testament is not to claim for them a very primitive Christianity, for the New Testament books took just about a century to come full circle—from 75 to 175 A. D. Paul's epistles represent a more developed form of the doctrine of Christ's nature than do the Synoptic Gospels; but this is only what we should expect from what we know of Paul and his relation to the early Church, and of the character of the Synoptics, as the last result of a long process of traditional aggregation. In general, the conception of Mark is more exalted than that of Matthew, and the highest point in either of the three is found in the idea of a dignity and office to be bestowed on Jesus as a reward of his faithfulness, and through the medium of his death and resurrection. That all the epistles of Paul were written before the first of the Synoptics shows, when we consider how little the Epistles colored them, how tenaciously the human side of Jesus held its ground. As the deification proceeded, the Jews were alienated more and more. In the Epistles of Paul, the process of exaltation is much further advanced than in the Synoptics; but it stops short of actual deification, as does the Fourth Gospel, also, though that goes a little beyond Paul. The nature of Christ was a matter of free speculation for the next two hundred years, and even further on. Midway of the third century, Sabellius advocated the doctrine that the Father, Son and Holy Spirit were all emanations from the Logos, which he identified with the Supreme God. For a time, this quaternity, this fourfold mystery of the divine nature, threatened to be the orthodox doctrine; but it was finally condemned as heretical, and in its place the doctrine of the Nicene Creed was set up: namely, that Christ was of the same substance with the Father, and was the product of his eternal generation. The great advocate of this doctrine at Nicæa, in 325 A. D., was Athanasius; and its great opponent was Arius. Time was when the majority of American Unitarians cast in their lot with Arius, and those who were inclined to question his superiority to Athanasius were received with much suspicion and alarm. But Dr. Hedge's preference was quite the other way, and many have gone over to his side, not as fully excepting the thought of Athanasius, but thinking that it had more philosophic truth in it than the Arian conception. This tendency has been interpreted by some orthodox critics, whose wish is father to their thought, as a retreat upon the orthodox position. But, in truth, the attraction of Athanasius has been in his humanity of Jesus. If he affirmed his deity, he affirmed his humanity with equal energy; while Arius makes him a being *sui generis*, not a non-natural man, but a non-natural God; not quite so old as God, but so near that Arius would not say "there was a time when he was not," but "there was when he was not." The animating motive of both Arius and Athanasius was much the same—to steer clear of di-theism—the affirmation of two gods—while still exalting Jesus to the highest possible degree. But dreading one and the same evil, the two parties took different methods of avoiding it, and in their hot insistence, each on its own way, made every corner of the Roman Empire ring with angry altercation.

From this time forward there was very little Unitarianism, as opposed to Trinitarianism, for some dozen centuries, though there was here and there a good deal of earnest criticism of the creed of unprogressive orthodoxy, some of whose doctrines were slowly getting themselves established all along this weary time. The doctrine of the Atonement had to wait till the eleventh century for anything like its modern form. Considered doctrinally, the Reformation was a reactionary movement, and its reaction was to those opinions and beliefs which were most horrible in the earlier centuries, which had most oppressed the mind and heart of Catholic Christendom, and which had been shorn of something of their hatefulness. As for the doctrine of the Trinity, Luther accepted it by sheer force of will; Melancthon would not consider it too seriously; Zwingli was sounder upon this point than Calvin himself, while he differed from him by the heavens' width in regard to total depravity, finding in every child a new-born Adam, thanks to the power of Jesus's death and resurrection, and matched the Free Religionists of our own time in his abundant sympathy with the religions of the heathen world. Castellio, one of the finest spirits of his age, at first befriended by Calvin, afterward became the victim of his implacable enmity for his free handling of predestination, and was so beset that in his lonely banishment he was literally starved to death. The name of Servetus is much better known. With all his brilliant qualities he was something of a crank, or in more serious language, "one of those bold spirits who sometimes seize hold at once, and as by instinct, of high and rich truths, but are wanting in depth and sobriety of reasoning power necessary for the working out of a great system." His system has been described by M. Revillé, a competent critic, as a crude mixture of rationalism, pantheism, materialism, and theosophy. Generally hailed by Unitarians as "one of themselves," if he had been, the shame of Calvin would have been less in putting him to death. In truth, he would have had him beheaded and not burned, but, as he had done his best to hand him over to the Roman Inquisition, which would have tortured him first and burned him afterward, he should not be too much admired on this account. So far as a matter somewhat obscure and difficult can be made out, Servetus was a more orthodox Trinitarian than Calvin himself; *i. e.*, his thought was closer to the Nicene theology. Both Servetus and Calvin were anxious to avoid tri-personality, but Calvin, in his anxiety, got on to the Sabellian ground. A man is never sure of orthodoxy who does a little thinking for himself. This was Bishop Huntington's trouble when he left the Unitarians; before he knew it, he had a quaternity upon his hands, as Dr. Hedge made clear enough. One thing is certain—that Servetus was no Arian. He said distinctly that Arius was "not equal to the glory of Christ," "*Gloriæ Christi incapacimus.*" And as little Arian were the Socini, Laelius and Faustus, uncle and nephew, whose name was nicknamed the Unitarians of Great Britain to the present time, though long since it ceased to indicate their opinions as obviously as the name Calvinism has ceased to indicate the opinions of the modern orthodox. But I do not know of any name upon their calendar of which Unitarians have more reason to be proud, not even Channing's, than the name Socinus, such a leap the uncle and nephew of this name made out of the darkness of the ancient and the mediæval, into the light and beauty of the modern world. It was no petty or equivocal arraignment that the younger brought against the orthodox creed; it was a sweeping one, without paltering or obstruction; and the scope of it included the doctrines of the deity of Christ, the Trinity, the personality of the Devil, total depravity, vicarious atonement, and eternal hell. Moreover, he had the social temper of Priestley and Channing; their hatred of oppression; their sacred passion for a kingdom of heaven upon earth. Poland and Transylvania had been troubled with dissentients from the doctrines of the Trinity before the burning of Servetus in 1553, and in 1556, Giorgio Blandrata went to Poland and heaped such fuel on the fire, that in a little while there was a general conflagration and a schism in the Church; the year 1565 seeing the establishment of the first Unitarian Church that Christendom had seen since Constantine, throwing his sword into the Athanasian scale, had made the other kick the beam. The history of Polish Unitarianism is a history of efficient organization and a success so positive that it drew upon itself the arm of persecution with its utmost strength, a decree of expulsion marking the first centennial of Blandrata's arrival in Poland. The exiles went in all directions; those that went to Transylvania finding there a goodly fellowship which had sprung into being almost simultaneously with the beginnings of the Polish Church. To-day it nourishes a vigorous life, with more than a hundred congregations, and cherishes the name of Francis David as did the Polish Church that of Faustus Socinus above all names in its eventful history. It was Socinus who took up the work of Blandrata in Poland and carried it along to larger issues, while Blandrata went to Transylvania, first to establish the new faith and afterwards to desert it in its day of trial, even allowing himself to be made the instrument of David's imprisonment, which resulted in his death.

By this time (1579) certain Anabaptists had already borne their faggots to St. Paul's Cross, in London, and been burned there for the wrongfulness of their opinions and the glory of God, and among their opinions thus cruelly opposed were some strikingly Unitarian. For like opinions Joan Boucher perished at the stake in 1550, and because "the new man always hates the newest, and the seceder from the seceder is as damnable as the Pope himself," we have in the same reign, (Bloody Mary's), one John Philpot, Archdeacon of Winchester, an apology "written for Spittynge on an Arian; with an invective against the Arians, the veri naturall children of Antichrist." "Apology" must here be understood as justification. The ecclesiastical spitter and the Arian were both in the same prison for heresy. It was a very characteristic piece of business. The Progressive Orthodox of our own time are much given to spitting in a figurative but not agreeable manner upon those who are so unfortunate, or fortunate, as to be a little more progressive than themselves. That good Queen Bess might not be any whit behind her father and her sister in her disrespect for Arians, she burned one in 1580 and another in 1583; and in 1611 two others—Bartholomew Leggatt and Edward Wightman—had the distinction of being the last two persons burned for heresy on English soil. It was the very year in which John Robinson took up his residence in Leyden, in the house which still attracts the feet of pilgrim sires and sons.

As yet, apparently, the Socinian influence had not been felt in England, but signs of it began soon after to appear. The Socinian books came in, and the Presbyterian Synods, which midway of the seventeenth century constituted the Established Church, forbade their sale and importation. The exclusion was imperfect, and many persons were infected with the dreadful taint. One of these was John Biddle (spelled Bidle at the time), who made a bad beginning at Oxford in that, as we are told, he was "more determined by reason than by authority." Frankly anti-trinitarian, in 1654 all his books, and they were many, were ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and but for the interposition of Cromwell he might have shared their fate. As it was, when Cromwell had concluded his great work, the doughty man had no defender, and was thrown into a loathsome prison, which soon ended his career. In 1655, the year following that in which Biddle's incendiary books were subjected to homeopathic treatment, Dr. Owen, the rigidest, as Baxter was the most liberal, of dissenters, said there was "not a city, a town, and scarce a village in England, where some of this poison was not poured forth." Among those who took kindly to this poison were John Milton, John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, easily first among the leading intellects of their time, though their Unitarianism was more of the Arian than the Socinian type. They were no more Trinitarians than Dr.

an Abbott, and believed in the of Christ no more than he, but believed much less in his hu- ity. Another sturdy Unitarian William Penn, who stated his ctions to the doctrine of the trin- very forcibly in a tract entitled ne Sandy Foundation Shaken."

ith the downfall of the Stuarts in the "era of toleration" suc- ed to the era of persecution and bility. Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians built their chapels and west. But while the Baptists the Independents seemed to have ned no lesson of religious breadth toleration in the school of nar- ness and persecution to which had been sent so long, it was erent with the Presbyterians. eir chapels generally were estab- ed upon what our English friends "open trusts." That is, they e not tied down to any creed or cles. Left free to read the Bible irst hand, they very soon began to nder from the strictness of the stminster Confession. One hun- d and seventy years ago they had along as far as the Professor ggs contingent of American Pres- erians have got now. They had enough of predestination, whether election or reprobation, and the trine of the Trinity fell into gen- neglect. The state of things was y similar to that here in America the beginning of this century, en hundreds of Congregationalists many of their ministers had sed to care for or to preach the litional dogmas, yet had not ken with them openly, but with difference: While here the signal a manlier attitude came from with- , as we shall see, in England it ne from one of the progressive sbyterians, Joseph Priestley, the t great English Unitarian, a olar, a scientist, a discoverer, a rmer, of whom English Unitarians e as good reason to be proud as have of our own Channing; ugh Priestley was a man of as ch less exalted spiritual genius n Channing as he was a man of re restless scientific curiosity and ellectual range. His theological ition was the direct result of his losophy, which was the material- c, associational, necessarian phil- phy of Hartley. His belief in ernatural revelation was intense. had an absolute distrust of reason qualified to furnish an adequate owledge of religious things, and at same time a perfect confidence in son as qualified to prove this neg- e and to determine the contents of revelation. The doctrines of tra- onal orthodoxy he exhibited as Corruption of Christianity," not ling them in the New Testament. made nothing of the natural argu- nt for immortality, basing his hope irely on the resurrection of Jesus, l arguing with perfect logical con- ency that the general bodily res- ection of the dead will be as raculous in every case as the res- ection of Jesus. The Unitarian- of Priestley was in fact a reaction inst the natural theology of the hteenth century Deists. It was rational and progressive than t. And it tended much more to dogmatic hardness of a creed n the Presbyterianism of "the le only" from which it was lved. It made religion as much a tter of belief as it has ever been de. The hand of Priestley has n heavy upon English Unitarian- and we often see its mark upon own. But nothing shows more arly and impressively what libels els may become, and how wide the ge of thought included in the Uni- ian name, than a comparison of estley's Unitarianism with that of ent date. And nowhere else does s inclusion come out so strikingly as in a comparison of his thought with that of Martineau, at whose birth, in 1805, Priestley's death was as recent as the previous year. Martineau himself began with the materialistic philosophy and necessarian ethics of Priestley, but for forty years they have had no sterner opposition than from him, and while Priestley contended that belief in the Messiahship of Jesus was the only essential of the Christian religion, Martineau contended that Jesus neither was the Messiah nor conceived himself to be so; that the doctrine of his Messiahship is one of the "Corruptions of Christianity" which Priestley omitted from his catalogue.

Three other names stand out with Priestley's as pre-eminent among the Unitarian founders of the eighteenth century. They are Price and Belsham and Lindsey. Price was not a Socinian, like Priestley and Belsham, in his theology, but an Arian, yet he was in thorough sympathy with Priestley's political ideas. He was an intimate and valued friend of Benjamin Franklin, to whom he introduced Priestley at the beginning of that scientific career of which the discovery of oxygen was the proudest incident. He was equally the valued friend of American Independence, and, with Priestley, of the French Revolution, in its earlier manifestations. His public advocacy of the Revolution drew upon him Burke's celebrated "Reflections," while Priestley's drew upon him the mob which sacked his house in Birmingham, and scattered his papers and destroyed his philosophical instruments, where now his statue looks serenely down, as if he had forgotten or forgiven every wrong. But Unitarianism as a distinct organization in England, derives neither from Price nor Priestley nor from Belsham, who was a loud echo of Priestley's materialistic, necessarian Christianity, but from Theophilus Lindsey. He was the solitary contribution of the Established Church to the new faith. There were hundreds in that church who agreed with him, and a number of them got together and petitioned Parliament for some alteration of the creeds and articles that would enable them to use them without mental reservation. The petition was not even received, whereupon all except Lindsey fell back upon their livings, fat or lean, resolved to wait for better times, meantime to go on using the words which they did not believe. So could not he. He gave up his Yorkshire vicarage, and went up to London with $100, the proceeds of his furniture and books, and in an auction room on Essex street, just off the Strand, he started the first Unitarian church. There shortly after was built the Essex Chapel, which still remains, the Unitarian headquarters of to-day; and speaking there one morning in June, 1887, I felt myself to be on holy ground; not only because of the denominational association, but because Theophilus Lindsey was one of the holiest men, one of the gentlest, purest, truest that the world has ever known. Belsham was his successor, and thereby hangs the tale. Priestley, homeless in England, came to America in 1794, and was instrumental in the organization of a church in Philadelphia, which had lay-preaching till 1825, when Doctor Furness was installed its minister, and he is now, in 1892, its pastor emeritus, having brought his active ministry to an end in 1875.

But this was not the first Unitarian Society in America. The first, like the first in England, and solitary as that in this respect, had an Episcopalian reformer for its minister, James Freeman, of King's Chapel, the grandfather, by marriage, of James Freeman Clark. An English gentleman traveling in this country—Lord Stanley or Lord Amberly, I have forgotten which—speaking of the King's Chapel prayer-book, said to Dr. Bellows, "I understand it is our liturgy watered." "No," said Dr. Bellows, "washed." The washing, or watering, was done in 1875, by doctor, then young Mr. Freeman, who acknowledged his indebtedness to Theophilus Lindsey in his preface. In 1787 Mr. Freeman was installed—he had been a lay-reader before that—no bishop being willing to lay his apostolic hands upon a head so full of heresy. There were other Episcopal churches which the new wine made for a while somewhat unsteady in their gait, but they all settled down at length into a sober acquiescence. It was very different in the Congregational churches. These furnished the Unitarian body with nearly all its early churches in America, as the Presbyterians furnished them with nearly all their churches in Great Britian. Ecclesiastically speaking, the Unitarian Church in America is "the liberal wing of the great Congregational body which founded the first colonies of New England and gave the law to Church and State for more than two hundred years." Ten years ago one hundred and twenty or more of our three hundred and sixty-six Unitarian churches were on a historical basis of Puritan Congregationalism. They had all descended from Puritan parishes, and thirty-eight of them antedated the year 1700, including the first church in Plymouth, that of the Pilgrim Fathers. For many years before the beginning of the present century Calvinism had been undergoing a process of softening and abridgement in the New England churches. Since the beginning of the century this process had become more frequent and more conspicuous in its manifestations. It especially characterized some of the ablest ministers in and around Boston. A class was thus formed to which the name "Liberal Christians" was applied. The meaning of this term was simply that they were disposed to put a liberal construction on the Calvinistic creed. Among the members of this class there was no organized sympathy. They were generally Arminians, but so predominantly intellectual rather than emotional, and so conservative in taste, that Arminian Methodism had for them no attractions. A smaller majority were dissenters from the Trinitarian dogma. In regard to the rank of Jesus and the nature of the atonement there was much less unanimity. Liberal Christian ministers exchanged pulpits freely with the so-called orthodox, and united with them in all the ecclesiastical relations of the time. Presently some of the more rigid of the orthodox party began to see that Liberal Christianity was silently but surely eating out the heart of Calvinism. The catastrophe would probably have come a few years sooner but for the war of 1812, which was of such absorbing interest that for the time the dangers to which Calvinism was subject were forgotten. But peace between America and England had hardly been proclaimed when war between orthodoxy and liberalism was declared. The declaration came from the orthodox side—an article written in the "Panoplist," by Jeremiah Evarts, father of William M., written at the instance of Dr. Jedediah Morse, its editor, whose "Geography" was a famous book in the fore part of the century. It was, perhaps, some sharp reviews of that, in which he fancied "*odium theologicum*" was present, that stirred him up to make reprisals in a book called "American Unitarian[illegible]n," which was based on Belsham's [illegible] of Lindsey; and now you have the tale which I said hung thereby, in speaking of Belsham's succession to Lindsey's place and work. Belsham's book was made up mainly of letters to Lindsey by Dr. Freeman, Buckminster and other Boston liberals. Morse's book, and, still more vigorously and violently Evarts' article, was bent on showing the sympathy and identity of the American Liberal Christians with the English Unitarians, and on convicting the former of dishonesty in covertly teaching or hypocritically concealing their opinions; finally the article was a call upon all orthodox Christians to come out from the liberals and deny to them the Christian name and Christian fellowship.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

The Exchange Table.

THE fact that a decreasing number and a deteriorated quality of young men are going into the ministry has been lately much lamented. One reason for this fact is that in every other profession the young man is a freeman; in the ministry he is thought to be a bondman. In law, science and medicine he is encouraged to make original investigations, but if he ventures on original investigation in theology, he is looked on with suspicion. Even if he is a professor in a university and his chair is history, he must pledge himself beforehand to discover nothing which his fathers did not know and teach. But the tide has already turned. The best churches in the land are clamorous for men of original thought, men who do their own thinking and make their own theology. The pews are in advance of the pulpit; and the pulpits are in advance of — at least some theological seminaries. That seminary which is a university, and pursues university methods, and in an atmosphere of freedom, that seminary which teaches its students to do their own thinking, and by the example of its professors to be original investigators of every subject—Church history, the Bible, systematic theology—will, by an inevitable process of natural selection, secure the ablest and bravest men, and the ablest and bravest men will be wanted by the ablest and bravest churches. There will always be places for the scribes whom traditionalism manufactures; but the prophets always have led the world and always will lead it. The seminary which produces such men will never lack for students, nor will its students lack for places of usefulness and power. The demand for such men is far greater than the supply.—*Christian Union.*

IN regard then, to the sacred tradition of humanity, we learn that it consists, not in propositions or statements which are to be accepted or believed on the authority of the tradition, but in questions rightly asked, in conceptions which enable us to ask further questions, and in methods of answering questions. The value of all these things depends on their being tested day by day. The very sacredness of the precious deposit imposes upon us the duty and the responsibility of testing it, of purifying and enlarging it to the utmost of our powers. He who makes use of its results to stifle his own doubts, or to hamper the inquiry of others, is guilty of a sacrilege which centuries shall never be able to blot out. When the labors and questionings of honest and brave men shall have built up the fabric of known truth to a glory which we in this generation can neither hope for or imagine, in that pure and holy temple he shall have no part nor lot, but his name and his works shall be cast out into the darkness of oblivion forever.—*W. K. Clifford.*

Notes from the Field.

Boston.—A great effort will be made for a fair hearing of the petition of the Alumni of Harvard Divinity School for the admission of women into the classes.

—In South Boston all the churches, including the Roman Catholic, joined in a reception to the retiring Unitarian pastor, Rev. William H. Savary, and gave him a purse of $117, made up of small donations from his friends.

—The Japan Building Fund amounts to $1,018.

Cleveland.—The announcement of Mr. Hosmer's acceptance of the post of secretary of the W. U. C. appears on our editorial page. It was several weeks before Mr. Hosmer reached his decision on this point that his resignation was placed in the hands of the society over which he has ministered so long and so acceptably. This resignation was tendered not with direct reference to the larger call, but from failing physical strength which made a change of scene and labor important. We publish his letter to the trustees, feeling sure that it will interest the larger circle of UNITY'S readers:

To the Trustees of Unity Church, Mr. J. W. Willard, Chairman.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I herewith respectfully and affectionately tender through you my resignation of the office of minister of Unity church. I do this after long and careful consideration, and I need not say, with sincere regret on many accounts, but the increasingly felt need of a prolonged rest from regular pulpit work and pastoral care compels me to this course, and I ask the acceptance of my resignation by my people in the same friendly spirit in which it is tendered.

It is nearly fourteen years since I came to the work which now I am about to leave. The circumstances and outlook of that beginning will be remembered by those whose connection with the church runs back to that time. Of the results of my work with you it is not for me to speak here, and I am the less inclined to do so because the best things of it, whatever it has been, are just those which cannot be catalogued, but are registered in the silent and unseen influences which go to the shaping of character and the quickening of thought and feeling upon the great themes of life. It is for these that I have labored rather than for outward and passing success.

Probably no one is better aware than I of the defects and limitations of my work. But such as it is I think I can honestly say that it has been the best within the measure of my ability and strength. I have loved my calling. It has never been with me mere service for hire. I have given it my heart and life. Whatever of good has been accomplished, let me say here, has been through the co-operation and interest of my people. I have received from them much kindness and encouragement in many ways. I have had many proofs of their confidence and affectionate regard. And it is one of the pleasant things to me that in severing our connection as minister and people it will be with the kindliest feelings and continued good wishes and will on both sides. For myself I can never cease to take deep interest in Unity church and to rejoice in all that makes for its worthy service in this community. In leaving it, it gratifies me to feel that I leave it harmonious and united and never in a better condition for another to take and with you carry it forward to larger achievements and usefulness.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

F. L. HOSMER.

The Lennox, Cleveland, June 4, 1892.

After remarks expressive of deep regret and affection from the chairman of the meeting, Mr. C. B. Lockwood, the following resolution was offered and unanimously passed by a rising vote:

"That in view of Mr. Hosmer's impaired health and his feeling that he must for a time lay aside active parish work we reluctantly accept his resignation as pastor and minister of this church; that Mr. C. B. Lockwood, Gen. E. S. Meyer, Miss Mary Gale and Miss Anna Pratt be chosen a committee to express to Mr. Hosmer in suitable terms our esteem and love for him, our high appreciation of his valuable labors to this church and community, our great regret that he feels compelled to tender his resignation and our earnest hope that he may soon be restored to health and meet with many more years of success in his chosen calling."

The following correspondence between the directors of the Conference and Mr. Hosmer also finds suitable place here.

REV. F. L. HOSMER,

Dear Sir: The Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference desire to offer you the Secretaryship of the Conference with a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year to commence when your salary at Cleveland ends.

The cordial unanimity of the Directors, it is believed, represents the same unaminity throughout the conference and among all the Unitarians of the West. Your Catholic liberality, outrunning all denominational lines, pre-eminently fits you for the work to which you are assigned.

We all earnestly hope that you will regard this invitation as a call to duty. You know in advance that you will have the support as long as you have had the personal esteem of co-workers, in a field which you will not enter as a stranger.

DANIEL L. SHOREY and OTHERS.

THE LENNOX, CLEVELAND, June 30, 1892.

To the Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, Hon. D. L. Shorey, President.

MY FELLOW-WORKERS AND FRIENDS:—After three days of delay I now write to you my acceptance of your call to the secretaryship of our Conference upon the terms indicated in your letter. The unaminity of your action and the expressions of confidence and regard accompanying it, together with my own interest in the Conference growing out of these nearly twenty years of active connection with it, have lifted my first hesitation into this final acceptance of your call as a joyful duty. The warm, personal letters also, which I have received from those supposed to represent somewhat differing attitudes of mind within the Conference have appealed to me and contributed to my decision. I am aware, let me frankly say, of honest differences of view just now existing among us in regard to the resolution passed by the Conference at its recent annual meeting. My personal sympathy with the position taken by our Conference six years ago at Cincinnati is too well known to need any reaffirming now; and the fact that with this knowledge you have united in asking me to the secretaryship, together with my own interpretation of both the spirit and the intent of those voting for the recent resolution, assures me that our Conference has no wish or purpose to narrow either its fellowship or the scope of its work. I hope and trust that this work may be carried on by us all with more efficiency than ever and that in it we may all experience a renewed sense of fellowship and common interests. To this end my own efforts will be directed. I shall need your counsel and support, the support and co-operation also of all within our Conference and of those who shall come within it; and I pledge my best service in advancing with you and with them the interests and objects which we all have at heart.

Now and always sincerely yours,

F. L. HOSMER.

Geneva.—As an outcome of the semi-centennial anniversary exercises of the church at Geneva, reported a few weeks since in our columns, is a book now in preparation, containing a complete account of the proceedings, with sermons and papers, reports of addresses, engravings of the church and its different pastors, etc. The proceeds of the sale of this volume will go towards the parsonage fund. The price has been put at the low figure of fifty cents, and we doubt not many of those present and others also will be glad to secure possession of this memorial. It will greatly expedite the work if cash orders can be sent in immediately, addressed to Rev. George B. Penny.

Headquarters.—We were glad to see the face of Miss Elinor Gordon in the office last Saturday. She was on the way to Meadville, where she is to spend part of the summer vacation.

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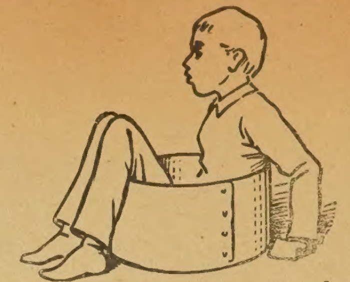

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The Home.

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n.—Life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.
m.—Law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce
ces.—On the ruins of the past,
Blooms the perfect flower at last.
d.—The good die not!
urs.—Enough if there alone be love.
i.—Mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What love is waiting to bestow
t.—God knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.
—*Whittier.*

Stretch It a Little.

udging along the slippery street,
wo childish figures with aching feet
nd hands benumbed by the biting cold,
ere rudely jostled by young and old,
urrying homeward at close of day
ver the city's broad highway.

Come under my coat," said little Nell,
s tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell
n her own thin fingers stiff with cold;
'Taint very big, but I guess 'twill hold
oth you and me, if I only try
o stretch it a little. So now don't cry!"

he garment was small and tattered and thin,
ut Joe was lovingly folded in
lose to the heart of Nell, who knew
hat stretching the coat for the needs of two
ould double the warmth and halve the pain
f the cutting wind and the icy rain.

Stretch it a little!" O girls and boys,
homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys,
ee how far you can make them reach,
our helpful deeds and your loving speech,
our gifts of service and gifts of gold;
et them stretch to households manifold.
—*Harper's Young People.*

The Empty Homestead.

The old homestead on the wooded
urnpike where the old deacon has
ved so many years has been sold—
old to the highest bidder. So also
as the furniture and all the pretty
hings the deacon's wife had fashioned
o make the rooms homelike. The
ood man whom everybody loved is
hrough with life's cares: Ninety
ears and more, he had labored, and
e was ready to fold up his tent and
eal away.

It seemed strange to go about the
ouse and not see the white-haired
an, but it was not a time for mourn-
ng. Out from their hiding-places
ere brought all sorts of curiosities;
wooden plow, a pair of andirons,
shovel and tongs, a spinning wheel,
pon which the family yarn was spun,
tin baker, whose place before the
replace is well remembered by the
ged, as are the cream biscuit that it
roduced, a bunch of flax, such as
he dames used to spin upon the flax-
heel.

The square-box "foot-stove," the
nly real comforter the old ladies had
hile attending church in the cold
eather of the olden times, before the
ays of heating a church were thought
f, was sold for a nickel. The brass
arming-pan (that glorious friend in
he big north chamber on a cold win-
er night) went for a dime. Where
re my New England readers who can
ecall how the warming pan was
rought out on extra cold nights or
hen company came, the pan filled
ith a shovelful of *live coals*, the cover
astened securely, and then by the aid
f a long handle was passed slowly
etween the ice cold sheets, leaving
delightful warmth?

When the carriage-house doors were
pened and the "Deacon's one horse
hay" was drawn forth every one
tood awed before this once glorious
quipage, now fast

"Going to pieces
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do, when they burst."

There were many present, who could remember, in their childhood, stepping aside as they trudged to church to let the Deacon and his wife go by in their "new chaise."

The two front rooms with an entry between, low posted and friendly; the kitchen behind with a bedroom at one end and a pantry at the other, and the half high chambers, upon whose roof a century's rain had pattered, held many a relic our city friends would covet:

"Here is the room where the children slept,
Grandma's children tired with play,
Here the famous drawers where the cakes were kept,
Shrewsbury cookies and caraway."

Everything went under the auctioneer's hammer,—who little knew or cared the stories they could tell had they voices. The crowd trod thoughtlessly to and fro about the front door trampling underfoot the once choice purple and white fleur-de-lis and the striped grass, and plucking ruthlessly the cinnamon roses. It was sad to see the dear old garden so trampled down. We remember well the

"Tulips and asters in regular line,
Sweet-william and marigold on their stalks,
Batchelor button and sweet-pea vine
And box that bordered the garden walks."

When the house was empty we turned away, feeling sad that

"Grandpa's welcome is heard no more,
And the children are scattered far and wide
The world is a larger place than of yore—
But hallowed memories still abide."

MRS. FRED H. BAILEY.

Two Pigs.

My father one day bought two young pigs from a man who lived two or three miles distant on the opposite side of one of our great rivers, says a writer in *Wide Awake.* The pigs were caught, tied up in two sacks, and put into my father's wagon, which was then driven a long, round-about way, in order to cross the river by a bridge at some distance. *Not one step of the way did the pigs see, because, they were tied up in bags to prevent their jumping from the wagon.*

Well, they were brought home and put into the pig-pen. But in the morning, when the hired man went to feed them, the pigs were gone. Search was made in every direction, and at last some one discovered pigs' tracks in the soft, wet sand by the river side. Could they have swam across? What! those little pigs swim across that great river! Impossible!

But after searching up and down the river-banks in vain, my father, who had read of many wonderful things having been done by what is called "animal instinct," harnessed his horses and drove the long, round-about way again, to the place where he bought the pigs.

And there, sure enough, they were, safe in the yard of their old home, where their former owner had found them when he got up in the morning. They had swam across the river and then gone straight to the place of their birth, regardless of bridges and roundabout roads. *How did they know where to find it?—Exchange.*

"OH, mamma," said Willie, when he saw the crescent moon, "the man in the moon has turned into a hammock."

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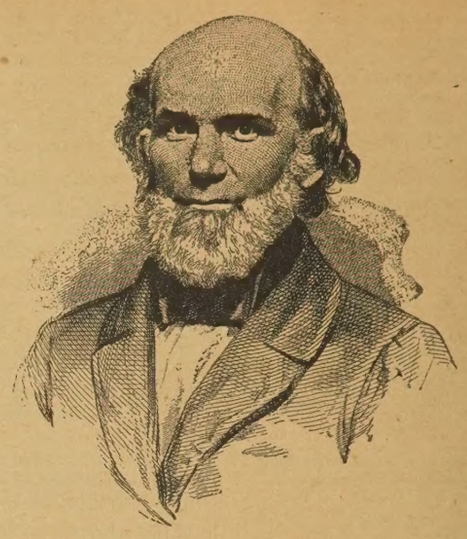

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